¶ Of such as on fantesye decree & discus:
on other mēs works, lo Ouids tale thus

RUde Pan wold nedes one day in cōpanie
Compare to mend Apollos melodye:
And toke his homlie pipe and gan to blo
The Jentil god, that saw his rudnes so
(Al though him selfe knewe how for to excell)
Contented stode, to here his conning well:
Pan played, and played boystiously
Apollo. played but much melodiously
And such a tune wyth such musicke gaue
As wel became hys knowledge for to haue.
Midas stode by to Judge and to decre
Whych of them both should best in mysycke be
And as he herde Pan playe and vse hys song,
He thought it such as he had lyked long
And wonted was to here of others oft
Apollos. harpe and song went very soft
And swete and straunge: as none might swcter be:
But yet thought Midas thys mysycke lykes not me.
And therfore straȳght ful loude he cried and said:
Pan. to myne eares of both hath better plaied,
quoth then Apollo. syns thus thou demest Pan.
Ye to excel that God of Connyng am,
And so doest iudge of thynges thou canst no skyll
Mydas henceforth lo thus to the I wyll
Thou shalte haue eares to shewe and tell I wys:
Both what thy skyll and what thy reason is.
Whych on thy heade shall stande and wytnes be:
Howe thou haste iudged thys rurall God and me
Nay be content for I haue it sayd
A full sad man stood Mydas then dismayde
And as he felt to trye it it so was
He found he had two eares as hath an Asse
Newly growen out wher as hys own eares stoode
Sore chaunged then his coullour and his moode
But yet for thie, hauyng no worde to say
He shooke hys eares and sadly went hys waye
I know no more, but thys I wot and know
That tho the Phrigian kyng be buryed lo
And both hys eares eke wyth hym hydden be
And so far worne that no man shall them se,
Syns such there are that lyue at thys day yet
Whych haue hys skyl, hys iudgement and his wit
And take vpon them both to iudge and know
To them I wyshe euen thus and to no mo
That as they haue hys iudgemēt and hys yeares,
Euen so I would they had hys layre longe eares.

T. Hedley.

Domine saluum fac regem,
Et da pacem in diebus nostris.

¶ Imprinted at London by Hary Sutton, dwellyng in Poules churchyard.